

Walking on the sidewalk

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Summary: Just a story about a young girl who's world was turned upside down when the dead became the undead.

1. Prologue

Ivy was walking on the street of an old abandoned town. She didn't know its name, nor did she care. Names don't matter anymore, the only thing that matters is life and death and everything in between. In her right hand she carried her baseball bat. It was covered in guts and blood from all the undead and alive she had messy, blond hair hung loose on the sides of her face. She looked like a mess and that was exactly how she felt. She had taken so many innocent lives ever since the world turned into the shit-hole it is today. One innocent life stood out the most. It haunted her, tortured her. She still sees the young boy's face whenever she closes her eyes. The way his eyes suddenly widened and his jaw dropped, she'll never forget. Ever.

She walked from one town into another. It was Indianapolis. She had heard of it once before. It wasn't a big city so she wasn't expecting a lot of walkers. Her legs felt heavy, like they were unproportionally heavy compared to the rest of her body. Every step she took, it felt like her bones were replaced with glass. Painful. However, she had gotten used to it over the past few months or weeks.

>She didn't know how long it had been since the apocalypse started, but it felt like a year.
Her eyelids, they were heavy too. She stopped in her tracks and listened... nothing. She decided she could close them for a second. She saw the young boy's face again. You could see the horror in his eyes as he looked at his hands which were covered in blood._ His own blood._

She heard groaning and quickly opened her eyes. She didn't know how long she had stood there, but it was enough for an entire herd to come into hearing-range. Without giving it a second thought, she sprinted into the nearest alley. She was heavily panting from just that short bit of running and leaned with her back against the wall

as she was trying to catch her breath.

Being an asthmatic is no fun in the apocalypse.

She had almost caught her breath when a walker suddenly lurked around the corner. She tightened her grip on the bat. She got a good look at the walker. It was a young boy, no older than ten. He was wearing a bright yellow shirt and a matching cap.

Yellow... That was his favourite colour...

She raised her bat and swung it at the walker's head. She didn't stop bashing his skull until she saw more walkers coming. She took a few steps back until she was backed up against a fence. She looked around for another exit, but saw none. So she had to fight them off.

>She tried to estimate how many walkers there were. Five ,maybe seven. She started panicking. What if she could fight all of them off.<p>

She bashed one skull, two skulls... She started hyperventilating.

>Three skulls, four skulls... Her legs became even heavier than they already were.
Five skulls, six skulls... She started feeling dizzy.

>Skull number seven... Finally, no more.<p>

She collapsed onto the ground. She didn't want to fight anymore, she ****couldn't**** fight anymore. Fighting walkers off everyday, but what for? Just so she could see all innocent faces of those she's killed when she tried to get some sleep? So she could spend the next day doing exactly the same thing? So she could spend everyday alone besides the undead and her own thoughts?

>Maybe she should just give up. Everyday she was hoping for things to get better, for someone to find a cure. But it never happened and everyday there were just more and more walkers and less people. It just felt like an endless battle. It felt like there was never going to be an end. This was the world now. A world dominated by walkers. The world was their's now, they owned it. There was no use fighting them.<p>

Her eyelids were heavy, she couldn't hold them open anymore. Ivy had been walking for a day without a break. She started feeling the pain in her body again after adrenaline numbed it. Everything hurt, her legs, her arms... Everything. She opened her eyes one last time before falling into a deep slumber. She could have sworn she saw someone human, but that didn't matter anymore now.

Because she quit.

>She quit fighting against everything, because the only thing that matters now, is trying to stay alive. But what if there's nothing to stay alive for?<p>

2. Chapter 1

Chapter 1: Your saviour

Ivy woke up in a room, lit by candles. Everything was blur. She couldn't remember what happened, but somehow she ended up here. She

had a headache, but nonetheless she tried to get up. Her head started hurting even more. She clenched her fists. She looked around her and tried to make out some shapes, she saw a closet, a chair and something that looked vaguely human.

>Her heart started racing. She hadn't seen another person for weeks. She looked around in panick, looking for something to defend herself with, but she didnt see anything.<p>

"Is anybody there?" She said with a tremble in her voice. For a moment nothing happend, she started to think maybe there was no one there at all. Maybe she mistook a piece of furniture for something more human. But after a long moment of silence something, or rather someone, crept out of the shadows. It was a he. The candle light lit up his face and most of his features were clear to her now. He seemed to be around her age. He had shaggy black hair, a unproportionally big nose and thin lips. He was wearing a tanktop which showed off his muscles and jeans torn at the knee. On his face he wore an angry facial expression.

>"Are you done looking?" He had a husky voice and a heavy southern accent. It reminded her of her brother's voice. A sudden wave of sadness flushed over her. She looked down at the white bedsheets because she couldn't stop from sadness showing on her face. It's been so long she's last thought of her brother. She usually tried to avoid thinking of him knowing how it made her feel. Powerless, useless, lonely... she could still remember the first they were last together. A herd of walkers seperated them and when she went looking for him afterward, he was nowhere to be found.<p>

"Who are you?" He asked irritated. Ivy looked up only to find he was now standing next to her bed, towering over her. He was possibly the same age as her, but way taller.

>"Ivy..." She swallowed. Her soft voice made her sound awfully weak, she realized.
"My name is Ivy. Who are you?" She tried to sound a bit more confident this time. She didn't know why she was still alive. The only probable reason she could think of was because he thought she was usefull. But if he started thinking she was weak, she would be killed in no-time.

>"Me? Your saviour." He had an awfully cocky grin on his face. "Or Seth, whatever you prefer."
"I'll just go with Seth." She noticed with that the cocky grin only became bigger. She didn't like him already, but he was right. He was her saviour. He was her only chance of survival, so she better stay on his friendly side.

>He walked back into the shadow's and came back to her bedside with some food and water. "Here."
"We both know you're not just giving that to me without wanting something in return. So what is it?" She said skeptically. It was true. Food and even water were scarce, no one would give them out to a stranger without wanting something in return.

>"You're really not the beating-around-the-bush type, are you?"He said angry. She wasn't scared of him. In this world filled with dead, he was the least of her worries.
"No, I'm not." She got up and stood on her bed, now it was her towering over him. She knew what kind of boy he was. The annoying kind. The kind that would use any means to accomplish their goal, even if that meant using innocent people to achieve it. Although perhaps innocent wasn't the right word, no one was innocent in this world.

>"Who do you think you are?" He yelled at her, anger spreading across his face. He pushed her and she landed on the cold hard ground. Everything went black for a second and she felt pain shoot everywhere through her body. She heard a door slam shut. She laid there for a

moment, unable to find the energy to get up.<p>

Once again her mind started wandering off to the boy, innocent boy whom she had killed. She felt terrible and she had only fallen. What must the boy have felt like when a bullet had perforated his stomach? Her mind wandered back to the incident. A badly lit room, walker noises...

>She forced herself to think of something else. The time she spent thinking about him could be used in better ways. She got up from the ground. Her legs and back hurt. She quickly sat down on the bed and started eating from the food that had been provided for her.<p>

She didn't know what she was doing here. All she knew was that she was once again alone with her thoughts. She decided for now the best option would be to stay seated and wait for Seth to come back in again. She didn't have her gun or bat, so it was no use trying to break out. She was never going to win from him without any weapons. For now she would regain some strength by sleeping and eating the food that she was provided with and see what the next couple of days had to offer.

End
file.